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out gravity, and yet, give gravity a chance—and it crushes us, the floods drown us, fire consumes us! Could we have life on any other terms, could God himself annul these conditions?

Hunger is or may become an evil destroying life, but does it not imply the opposite condition of good—food, an appetite, power of assimilation in the organism? Disease is an evil to the living body it attacks, but it does not attack a dead body and it often educates the body to resist disease. It is a war which may leave the victor more capable than he was before.

Robert Ingersoll conceived of an improvement in creation—"make health contagious instead of disease." But this is to trifle with words. In a certain sense health is contagious. But physical health, like peace of mind, is a condition, and must come from harmony within, while a contagious disease is conveyed by a living micro-organism, and is truly catching, and to change or reverse all this would be to destroy the conditions of life itself. To postulate a world in which two and two would make five, or in which a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points, is to take the road to the insane asylum. Evil is positive only in the sense that shadow or darkness is positive, or that cold is positive. It is a greater or lesser degree of negation.

In society and in the state we seek to curb or to correct or to eliminate Nature's errors, and in doing so often fall into other errors and cross purposes. Yet to fight what we call evil, and promote what we call good, is the supreme duty of all men. Physical evil the doctors and natural philosophers warn us against; moral evil, which is a much more intangible thing, our ethical teachers point out to us; mental evil, ignorance, superstition, false judgment and so on, the schools and colleges help us to avoid; religious evil, economic evil, political evil, all have their safeguards and guides.

Why could not a world have been made in which there was no evil? In asking such a question we

misapprehend the nature of the world; we are thinking of something made and a maker external to it, we are trying the universe by the standards of our human experience. The world was not made, man was not created in any sense paralleled by our human experience with tangible bodies. The world and all there is in it is the result of evolution or an endless process of creation, an everlasting becoming, in which the nature of things beyond which we can take no step plays the principal part. A world on any other terms would not be the world to which we are adjusted, and out of whose conflicting forces our lives came.

There will be times when the light will blind the eye, other times when the darkness will heal and restore it; when the heat will burn the hand, when the food will poison the stomach, when the friend will weary you, when home is a prison, when books are a bore. Our relation to things make them good or bad, our momentary and accidental relations may make the good things bad, but our permanent natural relations make the good good, the bad bad.

In a world without the gravity which so often crushes us, we could not walk or lift the hand; without the friction which so often impedes us, our train and vehicles would not move; without the water that could so easily drown us, the currents of our bodies would dry up; without the germs that so often make war upon us, we should soon cease to be. Both friendly and hostile are the powers that surround us—or, rather, is the power that surrounds us, for it is one and not two—friendly when we are in the relations to it demanded and provided for by our constitution, and unfriendly when we are in false relations to it. To know this true relation from the false is a part of the discipline of life.

I know this is not the end of the story; there are more questions to be asked. We want a solution of the last solution, but this can never come. Final questions return forever to themselves; they baffle us, constituted as our minds are; they are circles and not lines.

John Burroughs

WAKE

The stage eternal each day set for us
Lures me through casement eyes to view the sun
As he with golden fingers, out of night,
Uplifts the earth's dark curtains, one by one.
From scenes that lie before me still and strange
He strikes the gloom, and scatters it o'er top
Of hills in golden fume. From his low range
The slow light filters through the trees and
streams

And all the porticoes of morning throng
With birds that wait to carol forth their song.
These many tribéd creatures, downy soft,

Trill forth unfathomed sweetness from each throat,
From some the epic, some the joy of life
Wells forth in pensive or in chirping note,
The mountains in their movements ever change
As their new heads and breasts come into view,
And their gaunt monster knees and feet show
through.

Between cloud-shrines the high priest mounts his
path

And sees the heart of man still seek to fit
His finite yearning to the infinite!

Martha B. Mosher